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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Melissa Severin (Chicago, USA): Poem Explaining...

POEM EXPLAINING WHY I DO NOT FORGET

There's a pattern to this: targets
overflow with arrows, a flood in need
of fields, a mouth wide, black and full of steam,

a coffee cup without coffee, an oil slick
confined to puddles under streetlights, the future
ice cubes still water in the tap.

Here's a hint: take the eclipse
and anniversaries—divide by three—
steal salt from blood,

somewhere there are tonsils to scavenge
and mason jars buried in front yards,
full of doldrums, beat back

bells that chime better names for old lovers,
use the card catalog and consult a surgeon
who's taken a shot, one who's been stabbed. At least once

practice being suffocated by stars,
wear a snake as a charm
bracelet and break thin ice; swim underneath.

The solution's mortared in crowned molars,
in the full tone of drop-D, songs without words

Editor:
- Adam Fieled

Artist Posts

- From Poetry (2005)
- Leonard Cohen (Montreal, Quebec): from Beautiful L...
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): "Premeet"
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): from Progress Poems
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings 2
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings
- Mary Walker Graham (Boston/Virginia, USA): "On the...
- William Allegrezza (Indiana, USA): "distances"
- Barnaby Smith (New South Wales, Australia): "Dockl...
- Cleveland Wall (Bethlehem, Pa, USA): "Midge"

Contributors

- Adam Fieled

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to sing, a look when no one's looking,

Ouija boards and wish bones. For clarity,
look at a wrist, the pulse twitch
of veins, vibrations, rivers

dammed by skin. Could it be more obvious?
It's in the hand, the palm of the hand,
hands were made for this:
hold on.

© Melissa Severin 2007

Lina Ramona Vitkauskas (Chicago, USA): "You are This if I am This"

after **Scalapino's** *That They Were At The Beach*

Chewing a mum, the morning pollution
adding myself to the photograph,
trancing through the algorithm
of Klimt's ingrown hair;

the velocity of monuments,
of caterpillar sunshine,
each brave larynx, each sole
near the breath; don't hurt yourself;

a phoenix in sickness, a carbiou
placed inside the leaking alibi,
my furious curls clenching
the postulates of traffic, of night.
you are this if I am this,
a validated wasp, a pattern of
canteloupe fire. each layer of
modern compression that death drinks,
leveling the pendulum like medication.

with Roman candle and green bean laurel

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girls weep at the moment of preservation
chattering, do you ever feel
as if you just fell down a well?
I added myself to this photograph,
a plastic soul, a patient,
and to all of the violet water
at the window
rising for no one.

© Lina Ramona Vitkauskas 2007

Larry Sawyer (Chicago, USA): Four Poems

DANCING OFF THE EDGES OF OUR LIVES

We notice ordinary things like flower pots
filled with sighs and closets dripping
monsters. Is it time yet to depart
from the cloistered probability
that our study of cognac has yielded no
transparencies other than what we
imagined? Here in the future our
wings are mere footnotes
ancanthus medallion, ribbon of sky,
facts smile from posterior gardens.
There is a spy called wonder who watches our
habits. There is a virtue to the geometry of
sleep for a friend is a ruddered thing requiring
citations and phosphorescent rooms.

ANOTHER BALLAD OF MAPS AND GLOBES

Inbetween our faith incontinent
wheezes like a newly invented
instrument upon which we play
the hills from here to there.
Pretty tombstones like teeth
and not like teeth chew the
moon looking down upon this mess,

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humans racing to and fro without alibis.
Capsized in the desert they will find us
crouching in the gutters of time
explorers of the inner side of nowhere.

RHINOCEROS CONFETTI

As if there was a man who wore the
mask of a man and that man
noticed behind the mask that there
were shadows covering the earth
like semesters. The man realized he
had a lot to learn. So he studied the
tongues of the shadows as they
spoke a language he'd never heard.
At night they sang the most
intricately embroidered songs.

Perhaps there was a refrigerator in the
sky that he rode to forget himself,
this man who exhaled librarians.
Day and night he read the
silence, cutting his throat with
syllogisms. Butterflies burst forth from his
calamari as he ate it. He noted these
details lazily and continued with his
reverent stroking of the sun.

WAY TO PAMELA ANDERSON

Dare we not say you are gauche
gazing out from between the bars of the television screen
betwixt lip jobs Pamela Anderson pouts
the beach beneath her feet
all the world her magazine, she coos
trying to suddenly remember her line
as the sun licks the horizon a final time and descends
“Way to Pamela, Pamela Anderson!” someone
on the beach shouts. Pamela Anderson cannot
figure out if it’s condescension she’s

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hearing or sarcasm. She raises an arm
and waves back yelling jubilantly,
“Thank you, anonymous beach person!”

© Larry Sawyer 2007

Andrew Lundwall (Rockford, Illinois, USA): Three Prose Poems from *Pinocchio*

#1

i found the empty life lasting beyond waiting being filled (going over) - you hear my voice in your queue of heading - you operated yourselves with the fear hidden on the floor of space like being slept - a robber down my stolen book where page divides early childhood with a sulky song - crimes beyond colours go disgust-exciting to educate me who is sadly not long - fire-place-stained life span you is older the evening maintained - here-smiling the miracle notion around fires of gutter dancing and alive you hear my voice - do you hear my voice with glacial friendliness because it does not believe everyone nowadays - i have felt the sea's sad fact that there is room for improvement - pinocchio's cliff of the silver screen coming to contact you screaming to you - there are works for you surplus on the black pavement of space - notion fires on in the angle of a closed book - i have felt friendship pools invested in plowing appreciation - transience laughing to dance my voice in the tail of the sun it sees the red and black color of possible screw longitudinally

#2

gepetto sunset master lied about his childhood - cave eyes stood imploringly - secret hands plot false voluptuousness make something right risking violation - masks bonily fray the shadow of voice - scratching minutes - say pattern the night when goodbyes wither - o her mouth silently names broken eyes misaligned - tongue ends gathered green stains of forget utensils do the signs

#3

the sunflowers all bloomed silverly - discover angel eyes lamenting trees inside voice - deep broke song trees - trembling hands' clairvoyant blues - breathless sharp red fare of information - dreamless little eclipse of bleak oak face confined to carpentry named *thanks for fuel* approached extreme of recreated childhood - his moonlike

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bleeding tongue works that last time following the say seed through speechless grief
- sighs *no refuge for wooden sickness*

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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Steve Halle (Palatine, Illinois, USA): Three Prose Poems

#1

dear dangerfeld,

remember this riddle: in an opera box, Genius and Tyranny compete with constant elbows and jostles. the audience enraptured by distracting commotion misses the simple melody of dramas. by interwoven discourse, dinosaurs. the short arms flagellate an imperfection. a mixture of metallic materials contained in a matrix of zinc. perfect creatures and an extinction of teeth. remembrancing in a pac-man world i know the location of all the ghosts. yet still misstep. a failure to position my yellow orb in space and time. nowadays, memory is so first-person shooter. i see what i see but lurkers inhabit a finite beyond. like an infancy. no one remembers the self they create until they remember period. what if i created a beast of myself? o the pains of personhood! in the darkroom, i'm enamored of the moment before the chemicals bring forth image. then later the bubbles of a picture as it burns. in the infrared, i hear voices of the maestro. if the opera fails to satisfy, sleep. yet be forewarned, the fight goes on and despite a sharp rise in merchandise sales for the third quarter, Genius is well behind. when you awake, you will feel between scream and song. suspended like swung semiotics.

fevered and forgotten,

seria

#2

lustthrust as lastgasp of genial weather aflame to falling out bobby pins her hair is not flame-retardent. the heirs to a succession of depression dinkdrift along, caught in eddies the ditties in rivers of convolution. what said differs from what did in painful change and falling hipswell and sore and naming. she of no name not

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Artist Posts

- Adam Fieled (editor, Philadelphia, USA): from PICC...
- Otoliths 44-70: issue pdfs on NLA/Trove (Australia)
- Argotist Online Poetry, Equations on PennSound, et...
- Brian Kim Stefans (Los Angeles, USA): "White Sestina"
- Adam Fieled (editor, Philadelphia, USA): "Equation...
- Susan Wallack (Philadelphia, USA): "The Stranger"
- P.F.S. Post Anthology (USA, UK, Australia, Canada)...
- Vlad Pogorelov (San Francisco, USA): "No. 32"
- Interviews with the Editor (New Orleans, USA, Lond...
- Susan Wallack (Philadelphia, USA): "A Shoe Box The...

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Arabella. if a spring comes after, it will be of declaring and declaratives. leaves and snow are white noise unheard. a leaf hits a lake wave the rushcrush an if makes sense it's not so for softening. underneath depression: lichens a lake a surface blind to flux nevertheless o Saussure declares of depth: deep fulfillment does no more than clarify our deepest longings. an assignation is thrill assigned to guilt in unlit fires the hermitage burns. a woman by my blue or her black knows or conscious of her aspect a leaf flutters away undecided wind a tree leaf aflame thinks "tongue-of-the-mind" awhirl in flutterflux autumn yields to the flavor of falling gone winter gone barren no buds beyond what beauty gone balded.

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#3

myspace is aself athwart its own purgatorio. in dormancy transparency a her augmentations. silkspun in black expensive those unshy pithy about bulges. or labial trims. tree analogous to phases: root of imagniation, trunk of reality suspended betwixt, braches and leaves of a false consequenced real. shelter from the inclemency of season or barbarity of others. in a time of flame, all is pendulous. a season screams and Damoclesian. before a fifteen minutes. what does she think of how I think she thinks I view her? perceiving the leaves smells a whisper of burning. a falls is no nosegay not hinting at betrothal. not even in catching. now is the time to play Doctor. male enhancement a victor more than nature allows. what lies beyond or what crazy buds a throbbing star what darkness we follow what into cocooning discovery. on a possible other side a digital shell buzzes. self atop self a god-making god runs amuck. click upon click a pile. a sour smell crumbs on a sweatshirt.

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PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Hugh Behm-Steinberg (Oakland, California, USA): Four Prose Poems

JUNE 3

In the movie everything splits in two, fortresses, autos, apartment buildings, neighbors, deals, and for everything there is someone between who grays. And there is this kid and he hates his father, who's a vampire, because all he wants to be is a vampire too, only with better teeth and flashier tracksuits. And there is another kid, also hating his father, who finds another father, and this first father is not a bad man, he gets to hang out with a woman who used to a doctor and another woman who used to be an owl. Lots of explosions, and the idea that if you can write precisely what you want with magic chalk you can mend what was torn from you.

JUNE 9

When I'm a kid I'll be water, I'll be watched closely. When I'm seen I'll change your mind. When I do chores I'll be diligent. I won't live in an empire. When I'm handsome I'm trying not to be imperial I won't let myself be folded upon myself. I'm not a suit. I won't let myself be a suit. When I'm a grown up I'll be a kid and no one will watch me, when I'm a grown up I'll watch myself. I'll be water only different I'll do chores and I won't be them. Won't be chores, won't be laundry, won't let my clothes be my costume, won't let my clothes be my uniform, won't live in an empire, I'll be handsome like a statute but I won't be legal anymore.

JULY 4

When I was dead the king of the dead challenged me. The most beautiful poem and you'll go to heaven. Because I was dead I had all the time in the world, everything I ever said sat in my mind like a book, I could read my own mind like a book. But when I looked down into hell I saw Paul Celan, Shakespeare, Emily Dickinson, and if they were there then I knew the king of death hated poetry, and I was fucked either way, so I kept my mouth shut. The king said what's the most beautiful poem and I

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said nothing, and he said silence is most beautiful, but I wrote it first, so it's a tie, which means you only get to live, and say hi to John Cage for me.

JULY 27

I'm seldom sparrowlike, the mud bothers me, don't peck so much no more. The warm air lifts but it won't even argue with me. I'm fond of my clothes, the hairs on my arms, my arms, my thumbs. I like to hum more than sing, I only know how to whistle one note, I'm not fooling anybody. This is the part where I'm supposed to turn, and if I was a sparrow I could do so very quickly and without thinking, it would be routine, you'd have to be really focused to remember it happened at all. This would be the part where instinct took over, the worm got what's coming, but it's sunny, and I'm not, I sit on a bench and watch, more patient than I look.

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Marco Giovenale (Rome, Italy): from *first platform 2*

§ 0.2

it was at cape breton isle.
he is one of *major b-fiddlers exporters*.

mosaic isle. gravel. say:
surrender, say: board nothing, üre :00:4.

he boasts nothing. he puts cut
hands on the hob. he lights furs.

see a group of nuns praying.
intriguing, intriguing. fake exit.

in back lane pink pool of bones.
no clone dwarf with rifle waiting.

peaches. & the *original tapestry theory*.
quilt mud art always begins

as a crooked violin-flute duo

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in august —— which is voodoo winter

§ 0.2

two years minus | another year waste area |
informational master goofy coffee sipping maiden

they they furl nasa gonfalon. current. beware
of ticketmaster.ca | hoops of stones and unmanned rockets
available through the month.

jamaica leader in spain and algebra mafia
led tin corporate sponsorship brochure.
soda fills both sides of the timecoder left

:: centers/ issues/ rêveries/
:: peeps/ peeks/ ices/ depots/
:: hacks/ views/ wee dew corn rifle
shooting beyond the lines. warned. the lightning strikes
all the children bows on the ground.
then x: nothing in the box. the mender came and go. he grew diaphanous.

you saw him. | better. | you know it.

§ 0.2

four circles. cup of glass crumbs.
baked seal-faced nyman silk.

catch the promo. it was just here. didn't you
see any lunch? the four famous black rabbits

laughed at the color statements by georg.
prune pig sewage n { archives suck.

undress handspun gut fiber x/200
—— private request. | a. b. | { mimic the manner of connexion.

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PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Dan Hoy (NYC, USA): "The Electroplating of all my Friends"

THE ELECTROPLATING OF ALL MY FRIENDS

I told them not to drink from the lake.
I said, "Not all things aqueous are equal,"

but the dissolved metal ions were too small to see
and they knew nothing of reagents

or parameters, voltage or amperage,
temperature, residence times, or purity of bath solutions.

They were thirsty.

Then the clouds rolled in, bristling with electric current—
and with a flash

all my ferrous and non-ferrous friends
solidified from the inside out

into brass & bronze, cadmium & copper,
chromium, gold, iron, lead, nickel, platinum, silver, tin,

& zinc. They fell
like giant cathodic statues, electropositive and lifeless.

Except for the lone friend
subsisting on aluminum, whom I loved

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- Adam Fieled

Artist Posts

- Adam Fieled (Henniker, New Hampshire): from Beams:...
- More from No Tell Motel
- from No Tell Motel
- from Borrowed House
- Tammy Armstrong (Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canad...
- From X-Peri
- More from Equations (Thesis: Julie Hayes)
- More from The Argotist Online (poetry archive)
- From The Argotist Online
- From Eyewear

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with all my C-22/titanium-7 heart, now isolated
in metallurgical horror

as organic electrolytes rained down upon her.
Then she too fell over.

A microsecond later
I felt a mechasynaptic surge

as my comlink called for an immediate satellite strike
on the lake's coordinates.

I had an estimated 0.6 minutes to grieve.
It was not my decision.

© Dan Hoy 2007

Rosanna Lee (Manhattan, New York, USA): Two Poems

LOBSTER

Your plated, bespattered shards
enclose the meat of human
delicacy, ripped apart, smothered
in cups of oily lard and slurp.
Your neck, perhaps, or that round
swinging fan of an ass, $18.95 entree.
Some VDA ridden sailor hoisted
this oversized, obscene insect,
with his antennae flailing pathetically about,
and the lodged furry creature caught in its neck
flapped out like the buzz of the insane.
This sailor, see, he was
very, very hungry! So, alas - crash
against the jetty just like the Grecian
octopus, and lobster's life gave out
into last cringes and epilepsies,
like those huge black summer ants.
So: he heaved his last, obscene breath,

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and the sailor -
he made love to the dead lobster,
stuck himself messily inside
the encased filaments of short haired flesh,
and he feasted, and hollered,
shrank in awe of this beauteous prospect,
oh lobster, come back to life, I love you!

APPENDAGES

As a little girl, lying in bed in the dark,
I would stare at the little budding anthills,
pointy torpedoes. I would imagine them one
day as mountains.

Now, I understand how dangerous it is to
have that life force strapped to you,
hanging from your heart.

In *the Grapes of Wrath*, she gave that old
starving man her breast after her blue baby
had been buried: such life!

A death spy located at the side, growing,
aching, throbbing. Keep it a secret from
mother.

I've looked at the films, they look
like bleach spilled on seaweed under a microscope,
singing, sing, sing:
for me, it'll be fine.

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Kristy Bowen (Chicago, USA): "Experiment in Miniature"

As always, I'm devastated by that shade
of blue. The hint of hotel rooms
and anything French. Tend to fall

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for the short notes, the staccato.
This seasick vibrato, like the girl
that opened her mouth so wide
you could hear the wind inside.
Her wreckage of trees and wheel spokes.
One dance card, then another.

No one loves a brushfire, or worse,
a dirty blonde. The grotto with a thousand
bones rinsed so clean it was erotic.
You might carry them home in your pockets
like birds with tiny marbles for eyes,
newspaper where their wings should be.
Might cut their tongues out.
Might name them for your own.

© Kristy Bowen 2007

Melissa Severin (Chicago, USA): "Myth to Meteor"

MYTH TO METEOR

Gestated in the thigh, born twice, rose once
from the head of Zeus, I bit my way out,
through eight great plates, skull bones a catapult.
Indulge me, my heartstrings forged from harpsichords;
this is a myth I keep
rebuilding with dog's teeth and concrete.
Solicit the backhoe,
dig timing with a slingshot.
Pick a solar system to sift. It's not the same past
as my future; we're making me a swarm of meteors,
a shield of shooting stars that want
electricity from another planet,
that distant arc of orbit, hung from scepters and spinning
all around. A profanation.
How can we come so close and not collide?

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PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Kristy Odelius (Chicago, USA): from *The Virgins of Chicago*

THE VIRGINS OF CHICAGO

The gold lunette just beyond the glass,
the cord, the snag, my lariat mind.
With magazines, we let fly like
magdalenes sweeping the stairs. Cassocks
frame damp faces behind the weather.

Slowly through a permissive sky,
an incident, a scar— stars disarticulate
from mud-spattered sails. The billowing
rings in a cell phone ditty, outfitted,
cheeked, sleeping their clarity. Mediums
slung across beds— daughters, madams,
divas feeling it— the Sapphic elastic.

Precursor to this disarming blue
dawn, red in the bent light of fever-
flower gossip. They wake up walking,
the virgins of Chicago, the rhetoric
in their step says fuck the folio.

THE VIRGINS OF CHICAGO

Where businessmen like to stand
in their underwear, late-night
kites cascade between the heads

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- Cleveland Wall (Bethlehem, Pa, USA): "Midge"
- Adam Fieled (editor, Plymouth Meeting, USA): "Appa...
- In Memory: Larry Sawyer (Chicago!) 1970-2025
- MF of A Revenge: On Steve Halle

Contributors

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of tourists. Each alone and gentle,
uniquely sad, oh that disappointing
brunch on the esplanade.

Instead, I window the Hyatt.
In my drawing a woman
stands kabuki-neat, holding
a cell phone, poised in red
on a man-hole cover.

© Kristy Odelius 2007

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PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Lina Ramona Vitkauskas (Chicago, USA): Three Poems

A LIST OF WILD FOODS

Wistful shame of being,
I throw myself into the sun
of the gold rush, a glottal stop
in an arthropod's mouth.

What curvature I had in cars,
opposing hearts tangled
& cordial corrections
but you come away
with me, clutching me
in front of the grill,
a naked tournament
of truth & thighs.

Is this all we are,
parallel & verdegris
melting potential of fauna?
For jilted lovers
& lace tubers have never
been our scene, someone's game,
wild in sum & mind.

GROUNDLESS PUPURA

The whole honey veil

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of being born, the patent
asp killed by candid netting,
please give me rust &
summer beets &
winter spinach &
convulsing, calm
diagrams in garland.

One day, the pretty
diametrics will best
her best machine. Her
fallen silk in the algae pool.

He joins her at the screaming
wall. She has become a bridle.
Leather piercing his annex,
sweet un-blonde interception.

Oiled lace on wanton
flesh his organism, hers,
a feverish puncture
and his blind kind,
inner archeologist, quixotic
sensual waters,
a morning innoculation.

She acorn, she anemone,
aching for the answer
in chords of deviant bells.
After his kiss,
what is the crime
without the weapon of love?

VIOLET SMOKE

Morning's murder,
our fire brains
winged. A green apron
aims for diametric evenings,

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luminous the nails of my.
We perishable,
cradled chaos,
we coal error,
we pleasantries.

Beneath counsel
corners, we draw quiet,
save the stones
of our heads,
gelled & loving
(still to come).

What aches most:
your birch rhythm
and what accident
voice my small hands
stopped senseless.
Your cunieform
above the banks
waves of sense.

Light passes
through the bony
turnstile, welcome
to color and devastation.

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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Gabriel Gudding, Ruben Dario (Normal, Illinois, USA/Nicaragua): One Poem, One Translation (of Dario)

MY BUTTOCKS

"*your buttocks*"
— Wallace Stevens

I am very interested in my buttocks,
because it is the part of my body I most infrequently see.

You might argue that if I were really interested in my buttocks
I would use mirrors and look at it more often.

But I reject that theory.
I am at once plainly interested in my buttocks,
at the same time that I look at it about once a year.

I am frankly uninterested in the buttocks of other people.
If I had but one buttocks to look at, I would prefer it be mine.
Don't construe that as evidence that I look at my buttocks but more than once a year. Because I don't.

Indeed I would prefer it if other people didn't have buttocks.
Better two groins than one buttocks — one in front, one in back.
That way we could have our choice of groins to look at.
We could also choose to use one groin over another, either during sex
or using the bathroom. This would cut down on repair bills and maintenance costs
for our groins (urinary infections, prostate things, flaming birth canals,
yeast issues): two groins, no buttocks. Perhaps a sewer-tube that could extend down

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Artist Posts

- Tammy Armstrong (Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canad...
- Rosanna Lee (Manhattan, New York): "Shoot the Freak"
- Adam Fieled (editor, Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvani...
- From Poetry (2005)
- Leonard Cohen (Montreal, Quebec): from Beautiful L...
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): "Premeet"
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): from Progress Poems
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings 2
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings
- Mary Walker Graham (Boston/Virginia, USA): "On the...

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to either foot, and at the moment of defecation we remove the shoe and give a good kick, flinging the ball of excrement away from us. Bathrooms would have to have backboards.

All of us hermaphrodites who shit from our feet. We would have banished anal sex to our heels. Which brings me to another concern: the new anus that is now in one of our feet: would that anus be near our toes or near the heel, or on the top of the foot? My concern is this: If the anus were in the instep, would it not leave little pucker marks in our footprints?

No, I don't like buttocks. Despite rumors to the contrary. Contrary, there's a word. I oppose the word contrary.

© Gabriel Gudding 2002, from *A Defense of Poetry*

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TO ROOSEVELT

It is with the voice of the Bible, or the verse of Walt Whitman
that I advance upon you now, Hunter!
You are primitive and modern, sensible and complicated,
with something of Washington and a dash of Nimrod.
You are the United States,
you are the future invader
of all that's innocent in America and its Indian blood,
blood that still says Jesus Christ and speaks in Spanish.

You are a superb and strapping specimen of your people;
you are cultured and capable; you oppose Tolstoy.
You are a horse-whisperer, an assassinator of tigers,
you are Alexander-Nebuchadnezzer.
(You are a Professor of Energy
as the whackjobs among us now say.)

You think that life is a fire,
that progress is eruption
and into whatever bones you shoot,
you hit the future.

No.

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The United States is powerful and huge.
And when it shakes itself a deep temblor
runs down the enormous vertebrae of the Andes.
If it yells, its voice is like the ripping boom of the lion.
It is just as Hugo said to Grant: “The stars are yours.”
(Glinting wanly, it raises itself, the Argentine sun,
and the star of Chile rises too…) You are rich —
you join the cult of Hercules with the cult of Mammon;
and illuminating the way of easy conquest,
“Freedom” has found its torch in New York.

But our America, which has had poets
from the ancient times of Netzahualcoyotl,
which has kept walking in the footprints of the great Bacchus
(who had learned the Panic alphabet at one glance);
which has consulted the stars, which has known Atlantis,
(whose name comes down drumming to us in Plato),
which has lived since the old times on the very light of this world,
on the life of its fire, its perfume, its love,
the America of the great Moctezuma, of the Inca,
our America smelling of Christopher Columbus,
our Catholic America, our Spanish America,
the America in which the noble Cuauhtemoc said:
“I am in no bed of roses”: that same America
which tumbles in the hurricanes and lives for Love,
it lives, you men of Saxon eyes and Barbarian souls.
And it dreams. And it loves, and it vibrates; and she is the daughter of the Sun!
Be very careful. Long live this Spanish America!
The Spanish Lion has loosed a thousand cubs today: they are at large, Roosevelt,
and if you are to snag us, outlunged and awed,
in your claws of iron, you must become God himself,
the alarming Rifleman and the hardened Hunter.

And though you count on everything, you lack the one thing needed:
God.

— **Rubén Darío**, 1904 translated by Gabriel Gudding,
forthcoming in *Poems for the Millennium, v. 3.*

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[The great Nicaraguan poet, Félix Rubén García Sarmiento (1867-1916), who called himself Rubén Darío, was born in Metapa, Nicaragua, in a city that now bears the name Darío. Considered one of the leaders and proponents of the Modernismo movement, Darío completely changed the landscape of Spanish language poetry. A journalist and diplomat, he is now one of the most widely read of Spanish-language poets. This poem, “A Roosevelt,” was written in response to US President Theodore Roosevelt’s invasion of Panama in 1903 after Roosevelt fomented a coup in Panama City so that he could annex the Panamanian isthmus for the purposes of building the canal. Roosevelt’s coup and the invasion of Panama was excoriated around the world and at home. Richard Olney, in 1903, former US Attorney General and Secretary of State, said of Roosevelt’s act, “For the first time in my life I have had to confess I am ashamed of my country.”]

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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Simone Muench (Chicago, USA): Three Prose Poems

(an apiary): kristy o

Like aqua eyeliner and Baudelaire, we drink in strange trades, skålling over your chest of bees. What would you choose—red meat or Coco Chanel? gentle violence or violent tenderness? When salsa dancing with Keats' alias we bloomed gold thighs, pink sadnesses. At your bedroom window, I lean out of refuge, into moth wings. Our black eyes, transparent sting. You said, hello, blank-eyed, zero in! Our home base, a distant cabana, an archipelago; our family secrets, a fenestra, honeycomb riddled by jimsonweed. Sad fictions born of red letter afflictions and the redivivus of arthritic cypress. The light gonged, confirming my senses were leaving me, and you became a foehn, whispering through veils of glamorous biblical women, loaded up on blossom.

(beetle-beauty): lauren l

Through fossils of grapefruit, your words full of climacteric Kafka sadness. Night moths rest in your carnelian desert. There I found your fire-tossed hair, your jade green horns, and bowed beauty-down. Your father left you a blanket by the mustard-colored wall between a cigar and a scream. The house lost beyond a pepper tree. The curtains, like carapaces, and a mad rushing descent as if to name—strange things narrated—an object that long, shedding its horizon, a Chalcosoma caucasus from the image of your frame.

(a train track): mary b

Train track flutter girl; coriander lips and ale during Prohibition. That empty mouth like a bottle on a man's neck. Marabou soft, doe's muzzle on a pomegranate split

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- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings
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- William Allegrezza (Indiana, USA): "distances"
- Barnaby Smith (New South Wales, Australia): "Dockl...
- Cleveland Wall (Bethlehem, Pa, USA): "Midge"
- Adam Fieled (editor, Plymouth Meeting, USA): "Appa...
- In Memory: Larry Sawyer (Chicago!) 1970-2025
- MF of A Revenge: On Steve Halle

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open, ultraviolet. You might have to rid yourself of all boys, mostly rapscallions. How they feel under hands: red fish, big branches caught in your rain-rinsed hair, river tresses. For your thigh, a thread of nine carat bone. While the crossbuck sign danger-flashed its bells, citronella girls smoked Parliaments with a felon; your neckline, a kerosene swoon.

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Anselm Berrigan (NYC, USA): Eight poems from *Have a Good One*

Have A Good One

The promise of a hard-won exuberance
brought you near. The need to be
around the most people doing
something was a fucking magnet. From
running races to making copies to
delivering packages, promotion became
a recognizable cycle, if always
with a clear ceiling or escape hatch.
The latter you design, though awareness
of authority in that regard can be
transient. It's a cheap shot. Honesty
in the making. But do the parts get to
be themselves while part of the whole
thing? And if they're only themselves
(like I'm only my habits and kindnesses
measuring contact before moving
forward), we're done. You'll call me.
I tend to screen. Technology's
beauty made shapely by the choice.
Bits of it, I mean. Shape is for the birds.

Have A Good One

Choose your own adventure
lacked possibility. Try

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coming home to your
wildlife books sold off
by adult creep types
after enduring Boulder’s
second grade. You’re hopelessly
out of touch with the culture
you use by looking at. You
can be culture, but not
accused of it. Dream giant
cockroach in the wall
dreams but more often
pull endless string
from the mouth.

Have a Good One

Give me your taxable
contours. The caveman
did. The rain in stride
zoned us to passable
educations reflective
after a time. Our guts
for once don't make
a break for it. Their
deadly attacks merely
entertain inside upon
request: nature feigns
oversight. I'll break
the law for an exo-
skeleton panelist of
woe. Give it back.

Have a Good One

Off the record he’s a piece of shit. Time
management I don’t buy. Just tell me
what’s happened. Whatever it’s going
to be is what I need to know.

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Have A Good One

I don't name animals.
I don't steal their forms.
The water sprayer does not
stalk my automatic rage.
Barbarian camps circa 235
A.D. are hardly worthy of
condemnation five hundred
years later. Goodbye health
plan. Goodbye semi-motivated
half-life of an identity.

Have A Good One

My mission tonight is to
not get so drunk I can't properly
introduce. It's surprisingly easy,
because I'm thinking about experience.

Have A Good One

Burying the duck crumble
with beer, while it pretends
to the elucidation of principles.
The shaver sucks face.
Scotch shirt proudly wrinkled.
Parisian sidewalk stains &
their lack of warmth. Remember
lava flowing freely all
around us, stains with
warmth? I've had a
great life. But I ain't
going out like that.

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Have A Good One

It's become harder and harder
not to take responsibility. For
all of it. Every bastion of
disrepair, every qualified public
apology for ill-tongued remarks.
Every pasture of re-despair, every
made up resume of a sorry. It's
been harder not to undergo surgery
or plead for indifference from the
feds. Don't you see them seeing you?
Remember when them seeing us was
what we wanted? And yet I was in high
school: The President's Daddy
was the President.

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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Jordan Stempleman (Iowa, USA): Four Poems

GIVENS

I accept, combinations of unlikely
to unanswered, I accept the darkness
of triumph as apart, I accept the numinous
risings gone once convinced, and the collapsing
recline of a cold, lost balloon.

I accept, the lowly surgeon who's taken
with the worker's old work, I accept a second matter
that stares long after the first, I accept
the untimely hero bored before ruin, and the son
asked to cut his father's last hair.

I accept, what is and what weakens to reprove,
I accept all the rooms filled with gods
obsessed and alone, I accept the nearest to fire
or the closeness of hope, and the plan to end
saying, I will say it once more.

OLD PARTS

There is now one good ear left.
The last one to go, was too heavy
on the cotton and not the common
sense. There is no longer any dis-
illusionment about what will give
up next. The mugs are now filled

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with boiling white tea. The stapler
is used while squinting towards the
light. Gloves, although lined with
rabbit, weigh down these hands, so
they often rest there, long overdue,
dangling and down by my side.

PIQUANTE

And I've fallen off a stool
which means, I wasn't meant to reach
so far out first thing in the morning.
To be sitting there. To have a very important center
that regrows each day with minimal
water, minimal outings. What a difference it is
to be between the unwritten and the unsaid.
There's a cookbook I'm skeptical about
so I've left it in the drawer for months
now, where I know it keeps on serving
the same dish, day after day, without pictures
to account for all its done, without an organism
to break down starch, and sugar, and taste.

WE WERE BROUGHT INTO A STRAINING SHAPE

there are little runts
and blunted
comments, middle names

for everyone, the slightest
impression embossed
on a handkerchief

squeals for one better
truth to try and imagine
one better truth,

exhibitions in the sense
they pour, nervous
as donors are we all

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Ann Bogle (Minnesota, USA): Two Poems

GET ME TO THE CHURCH ON TIME

I was hoping for a language-free moment,
a moment to discourage the word.

I was, as you know, a prisoner
to my tongue, could bite it.

In my upper room, a sermon
was playing about sundry. I hid

on the stairs, listening, talking back
to it, but it couldn't hear me

because it was talking. I let it.
What choice did I have?

It was a good one, what to do with old guns:
bury them in the cellar, one by one.

I grew attached to my upper air, slept
with a pillow near the ground, it was no

basement, anymore; they'd blasted the bottom
half of her, left me to untie my shoes

from a distance of seventy feet –
that was because I have a cut. *Sorry*,

I said, meaning it, but it was nothing
to make up for. Next time try taking it.

8/22/91 (revised Feb. 2006)

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POEM FOR SPRING

As soon as it is over
the beginning can begin
on the road out of Texas
hitched to me and other things
I want to keep forever
including a look at him
but my wallet is empty.

We are not as we have been.
Therapy leaves me friendless.
I post a note to strangers
who sell me a new kidney.
My blood sticks like dead women
to my sheets and hands. Burdens
to ease his smaller burden.

I close nice bank accounts.
I thank him for leaving me
flatter, tits the size of ribs.
His threats are good for nothing.
I ask him to finish me,
to put me out. He started it.
He offers to box
then stifles my talk.

© Ann Bogle 2007

Tom Orange (D.C., USA): from *A Day in Switzerland*

from *A Day in Switzerland*

8:48 am

To defend oneself
from the images
one cannot love—
memory's false

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undertow

*

7:45 am

Faced with existence
I take off my pants
and proceed with
a somnambulist's clarity

*

4:32 am

I want to believe
the same eyes as mine

*

8:56 pm

People willing the familiar thirst
for infinite novelties of personality

*

7:30 am

Like the magician's
eye it opens
your sex in my hand

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*

3:39 am

You have found
no stupidity
that others have
not already discovered

*

2:51 pm

I'm afraid
I smoke the
indulgent
passions of
the brain
perhaps
without
first searching
for the fires
of inexperience

*

6:39 am

To what extent
do we begin to
present knowledge
without understanding?

*

9:09 am

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The Buddha goes
to smoke hashish
in the church
of amorous ideas

*

9:24 am

Gently the eternal
subconscious excites
my desire to lose
the changing line
of memory's furrows

*

10:10 pm

Why I do not
believe in the
particularly
good taste
of people
too long

*

12:31 am

The more
beautiful
you are

to look
would break
my heart

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*

1:24 am

Now take
a walk
with me
and see
what is
happening

*

2:16 am

A well-organized heart
knows how to
fall asleep on
good footing

*

5:09 pm

The dangerous seduction
of philosophy is a
vampire empiricism
which proceeds to
consolidate wisdom
on the horizon
of its desire

*

1:26 am

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I proceed to paint
an explanation of
existence as if
the character of
curiosity existed
beyond our reason

*

12:53 am

I seek the astonishment
of all the illusions that
bind reason to its
depository of dreaming

*

2:34 am

Man tries
to escape
labyrinths
of doubt
through
the light
of stars
that are
dead phantoms
of certainty

*

6:10 am

I

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admire
your
eyes

Will
you
help
me

© Tom Orange 2007

Steve Halle (Chicago, USA): "variations on two phrases from *Othello*", "Elegy/Eulogia"

VARIATIONS ON TWO PHRASES FROM *OTHELLO*

If I had a cap to tip,
a cup, or a ewe to tup,
to sit on my lap,
I'd toss her a tip
as she strips to trap
my lust, while my eyes
feast, and I'm tempted
again by the two-backed beast.

ELEGY / EULOGIA
For Lee Halle, 1928-2006

it's a slow
steady, steady…
live, they
say. a slow
steady, steady
wind breathes
life into clay.

it's too whip-

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fast, Pallas, to Spring
whole from a head,
and after, this marathon
of whip-fast footfalls
run year-round your
ragged dead.

© Steve Halle 2007
check out this poet's blog-journal at http://www.sevencornerspoetry.blogspot.com

---

Lars Palm (Sweden): Four Poems from *notes for an airport*

1 - (beginnings)

two un
attended black
bags in the
corner by the
entrance

who brought the
flies & why
don't
they board
the 3
o'clock?

trying to re
member who
made the
film i stole the
title of

2 - (language)

"please do
not leave

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baggage
unattended”

what is new?
what does not change?
what just dried
oh shite i forgot

guns aren’t
allowed in the
hand
(or)
baggage

"other than in
specifically
designated areas”
o the beauty of
airport language

"please do
not sleep
baggage un
attended”

good morning
"for farther
information”

just jot
down what
ever thought
or
phrase you
can catch

3 - (silly man)

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does tom
wait? yes tom
waits

always when
writing these small
ones i think
of old corman
& maybe phil
whalen hides
some
where in these
shadows as well

that graph of the
mind moving
is dancing

toothpaste is (as
we all know) a
very dangerous
explosive

look an
ambulance
maybe some
one happened

going from
lorca & pérez
estrada to
ekelöf &
lindegren
across tarkos

lift elevator
carefully put
down shop

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4 - (ending)

"in this air
port" in this
body in this
brand new
bag or
cadillac

& wiener
schnitzel
& a hairy
schnauzer to
you too

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Check out this poet's blog-journal @ http://www.skicka.blogspot.com
and blog-blog @ http://www.mischievoice.blogspot.com

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P.F.S. POST

PHILADELPHIA FRABJOUS

Ruth Lepson (Boston, USA): Four Untitled Poems

I.
Shelley was selfish— his m's give him away.

A few pages under glass— I had lost the faith that anyone should bother with them.

The women huddled together— Austen, Bronte, Browning.

The men not politic, perhaps, but political.
Yet many sentences are simple.

Merry Chaucer from family of wine merchants.

A note, the N-Town cycle, shows the performers of the medieval mystery plays a travelling company. "It was intended to be performed on a Sunday at N-Town."

The Anglo-Saxon Beowulf "is known only from this copy, written out about A.D. 1000…severely damaged, in 1731, in a fire."

Danish king Scyld Scefing's body placed in a ship, "A gold banner flies over his head," "set adrift to be swallowed up by the sea."

Spenser's f like a tadpole, a medieval cross, two lines after it.

"As elemental fear" writes Sir Walter Raleigh in his Tower, in his History of the World.
Fills the left column of the left page and writes one stanza, bottom right.
Of Diana, Aurora, "Beauty that rumor made."

Donne, "son of a prosperous London businessman," "secret marriage to Ann More"; his

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- Leonard Cohen (Montreal, Quebec): from Beautiful L...
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): "Premeet"
- Chris McCabe (London, UK): from Progress Poems
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings 2
- P.F.S.: Nine Paintings
- Mary Walker Graham (Boston/Virginia, USA): "On the...
- William Allegrezza (Indiana, USA): "distances"
- Barnaby Smith (New South Wales, Australia): "Dockl...

Contributors

- Adam Fieled

I Power Blogger

Archives

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father-in-law had him arrested. His g and his y begin the same way.

Philosopher Bacon "Found guilty of bribery and corruption." In his hand a moment of thickness, a moment of thinness.

Bricklayer, soldier, actor Ben Jonson— his page dense rectangle tiny words heading towards the binding.

(Herrick's manuscript "temporarily removed.")

Milton's "extracts from some 90 writers," added comments of his own.

In Sir Thomas Browne's "Hydriotaphia, Urne-buriall," (1658), "a meditation on death," the movement of each stroke is from the bottom left to the top right, parts of the paragraph crossed out.

A parliamentarian "surviving the restoration to serve Charles II in several embassies" wrote newsy letters—page long, writing medium-sized full of affectation "deprived of the Poet Laureatship in 1688 for his loyalty to the Stuarts."

Dryden's heroique Stanzas to the memory of Oliver Cromwell— his f like an 8th note, his l like a snake moving toward a piper. His letters underline other letters.

"The largely self-educated son of a Roman Catholic linen-draper," Pope translated the Iliad at the rate of 30 to 50 verses a day; here are some copied on the backs of letters addressed to his mother and to himself at Twickenham.

Here the "final verses of Achilles' lament for Petroclus in Book 19, facing a rough sketch of the shield forged by Hephaestus for the Greek hero." The surprise of his childlike drawing of the shield "hidden as the word of love." Words are crossed out and others written above them, articles are taken out, the syntax changed. "sigh tear for what he left behind"

Defoe's long lines in large book straight as in musical staves, the letters rounded.

Swift's letter— hand tiny and light, long page, no margins.

II.
rice paper clouds barely covered a charcoal and off white moon some gravestone rubbing you were dead i was alive it was always that way brown that's the way it

2008 March 2008 April 2008 May 2008 June 2008 July 2008 October 2008 November 2008 December 2008 February 2009 March 2009 April 2009 May 2009 December 2009 July 2016 November 2016 January 2017 February 2017 June 2017 April 2020 May 2020 July 2020 September 2020 October 2020 February 2021 March 2021 June 2021 July 2021 December 2022 June 2023 August 2023 September 2023 October 2023 November 2023 December 2023 January 2024 February 2024 March 2024 April 2024 May 2024 June 2024 July 2024 September 2024 October 2024 November 2024 December 2024 January 2025 February 2025 March 2025 April 2025 May 2025

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happened ever that way lying on the rug in the heat of the night playing that’s left
you were dead and i was dead was there ever another ever underside the handle of
it under ever to take that charge every day every sans seraph no more type more
hype might that be a chance to take blake runes of graves dead letters post haste
hastes are you sleeping in are you in the sparrow that leapt in front of my path in
the stone other dimensions now we will never see you there where did you go my
mine left take me away take myself a living particle of right&left and shift and score
and drift say enough and it won’t matter what have you this is old i remember this
scene from twenty years ago i’m too old for it now it’s melancholy to think about
this and some birds make two notes, simultaneously

III.
there he is on the
cover the shadow of a
fern on the left side of his jacket
you can't see his eyes, hooded by
plain thick glasses
nothing extra in his mien
a serious man from the east coast
trees in shadow behind him
it seems his shirt is white and he wears
no neck tie, his top button unbuttoned
physician
who thinks all things frivolous unnecessary
loves the
gesture of kindness, bravery, love and
is sure in his loneliness all is
imagination what is he looking at

we can't tell
his hair is cut short
his ears are prominent
he was listening for something american
finally heard something about patterns
why do we revere him
his words are sometimes embarrassing sometimes
boring he never goes over into the dramatic
yet personifies his very city
wilder poets paid homage
he had facts at his command

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that is why we revere him
he memorized flower, latin, symptoms, lived
day by day seemingly unafraid of the death that comes
unstintingly and so he cd turn to weed or
broken glass at the roadside
bowel or child or old man equally

IV.
it never goes away completely
like the usa in the 50s
in a poor small town in the middle of nowhere
in those weeds by the side of a house, its paint peeling
and nobody home I am sitting here and do not move
across the street 2 american flags
cheer like leaders in the wind
that brought memory and war again
jazz helps fast language helps
war wounds yelp men dead again
we went to strange places on vacation
it hurt to live with them
there was no way to communicate
blurting it out didn't help anything
they just say you're strange in the vest
in the sink poison in the purse
so rest, rest till all that talk of
's squeezed out of you

© Ruth Lepson 2007

Larry Sawyer (Chicago, USA): Four Poems

LIFTING THE LID

Ferrari thought, baroque thought,

beneath the surface,
models in leisure suits flatten cities.

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We'll sift among them, our gills billowing.
Hello, happy vampires.

Hmm…look up: notice the light
in which a great ship is riding—
will it brave the deep and take us,
over dormant lacquered waves?
Of what do I speak?

The receptor cells quake,
taking in the last hours:
businessmen roasting on spits.

Worry is my tequila.

WOMAN

your eye is a recoilless rifle
my hand so believes
fourteen winds rise up
as the

roomful ghosts
plastic hunters in the ear

there are highway gamblers
in your impenetrable dress

your miniature bites
the size of Texas

your satin calligraphy
and indigo jive

the years are obsidian
our romance is meadow

your eye is a leash of fire.

LUNATIC NOTHING

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Lunatic nothing laughs at me
from the tip of my tongue
a kaleidoscope geography
is all that I have, the corduroy beach
and silent water

That mind and I survive together
and I lust harmlessly the
cross of schedules
with a heart full of groceries
I wander appetite roads
wearing an enormous blue
mustache like a dessert

Perhaps you have seen her
indeterminant No
from where she reigns
atop the mosque of sleep

I'll continue to prism
the vast outer centuries
until the gavel comes down
upon my conscience

Meet me as promised
beneath the full moon

close up and wonderful.

IT'S PURE GENIUS

We are so thoroughly sidewalk.
There are lights in my soul.
Through a trapeze I wear my tomorrow suit.
Saturday is such an exotic animal
as we devour our headaches, open our papers,
kneel between carnivores peeling silences.

My heart is a peninsula

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where we eat the dessert called "memory."

© Larry Sawyer 2007

Mark Lamoureux (NYC, USA): Four Poems

REFLEXIVE

I wilt the love of name & bone

I range the shore of the day

I see the speaking machines

I hear the prophet bleed a copper pool

I waste the gold of shores

I length the gavel of the brook

I little songs & I without want of face

I the gloaming make of 4 a cube

I broken anaphora, the token splice

I smell hoodlum, no father

I this the electric taint of reflex

I bait the circle-hustler

I amuse the end time, the bronze ass

I for the bastion of naughts

I cross the angle, reflect

I seize no happening, fulfill this

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I the scored days into another

I wait, I won 1, I fake nasty

I into wet evening the

I spit out, dawn folds

I blanket in the sea-spray

I no more forever in regret

LEGACY

A grove fills with the deflated
skins of fruits that thud
from the flailing limbs of a trunk
that bores through the skull-plate
of my imploding sphere. The pilgrim
wades through bathwater as tough
orbs give only thin milk. Brittle
hammer you were born with. Is
not enough. All of this. Shoulder-
blades stretched to sails, the leaden
fists, tiny whorls carved in each
cell of the root are not enough.
This breeds a carpet of tin hairs.
Clouds of beetles persist in splotches
thereupon like weather. Braids
of ooze that suck carbon from the firmament
are no good to you: void-born
& suffering, hard-won parade garb
lifted from your cracking clay
like a fly on a line. The disembodied
shirt prances. There is no party
inside. Are not enough. The missives
& the lens. Not enough. The umpteen
charged scrolls. Never enough,

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the gilded membranes & skeletal
adaptations. A birthright, what is
eaten by the sea, a betrothed what
burrows in the shore. A chapter,
closed, what smiles from the shade
of kind light. Remember me
to the bell that rings in the buoy--little
brother, we of like duration.

LAOCÖON GROUP

A crest of molten dust
falls forward into erasure:

I tell myself I will
not go
even as I arrive
there, in a trough,
corvettes of the new speech
befuddle the dock, solemn
ekphrasis a sunless gnomon:

11 or 12, a fortnight
of relentless
logic, each candle
gutters
in turn or the
difficulty

MOST LIKELY TO

I am not your avenger,
I was never.
Look, there are no lines
on my palms, nor have I pin
to etch them.

I am slamming a door

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with one hand & with the other,
I am slamming another.

Something sets, a chestnut
husk, between my two
eyes; tern's wings scissor
turbulence not even
they can see.

© Mark Lamoureux 2007

Susan Wallack (Glenside, Pennsylvania, USA): "Evolution"

EVOLUTION

Once before, when I was a woman,
(a diagram distorting the actual
dream),

I hiked a leg,
barking like a seal, &
urinated a long-
lemon stream.

Running south,
syrup over ice
cream, pleasure
over suffering:
the first idea.

© Susan Wallack 2007

Jeff Crouch (Grand Prairie, Texas, USA): "Piso Mojado"

PISO MOJADO

Laughter teeters on nothing.

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The verge soft, then strongly lined.
The tower ragged, the drawers full of baggage,
The baggage full of rags,
The rags nasty with urine and sweat and grime.
The blonde—
Her weight all on one hip.
Swollen, with a trowel, re-working the tile.
Clean, what is? Clean. Disinfectants.
The overflowing toilet stuffed with notes about a movie you watched.
The blonde teeters on her own skin.
This skin, you think about treason.
Freckles.
You try to find a pencil.
Paper towel.
One streak of lipstick.
Nylon, black. Water, dark, damp.
Little to no make-up. Except lipstick. The floor.
Beneath.
New grout, but slippery—you wonder.
Laughter teeters on nothing.
You watch her smile. She turns.
With her hand on her hip.
Shifts.
The verge soft, then strongly lined.
A mop. Wet. Damp.
Hair. Damp.
Strong odor. Must. You make a note.

© Jeff Crouch 2007

Steve Halle (Chicago, USA): "Blackbird, #s 4 & 5"

BLACKBIRD #4

styrofoam packaging
w/ meat bloodstain discarded

a five of diamonds,

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corners nicked off

the bud light can crushed, throw away

fuck sounds, a metal door
squeaks shut, silence, more moans

a half bag of mild winter's salt waits unused

keyed up accord, she smokes
to trim her newly unpregnant body

she shows it

flower garden scuttled
a hip repair, metal-metal
an argument

snow falls one day,
melts next, murky
shoe run-off on white linoleum

market meet

in winter, potholes grow

a coffee can full of butts
sits off stoop right

crackpop wood burning,
whoosh of gas,
a scalding whirlpool
ups the buzz
and sleep, curtain.

BLACKBIRD #5

half-splashed in war paint
machete on canvas,

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vomit is our Diaspora,
“yes, but”

idyllic in Germantown,
a depressed ex-model
tea for two by four
rots, or nails rust
from lack of proper
installation manual.

sip and taste misgiven weather.
rocks continue in bucket
love among the crushed coral

puzzle make hair, half-sip
or swallow before six.

a grubby denim hairline
inching spineward,
the paint taken off,

and soon.

emulsion in pomegranate juice,

non-proper, a defense of investment,
a denial of technique,
still-life withered grape above climate,
vin de glaciere tethered to tongue

hand swung and hamfisted

vision blurred by blood,

a nest, it ties it. a test
of flight in feathers of fancy.

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